Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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A BACHELOR'S LOVE SONG.

My bachelor's den is a queer old pen,
In the midst of a city's din,
O'erlooking the tide that goes ebbing out
[illegible]flow that comes rushing in.

[illegible]rful and bright—'tis a home to me—
[illegible] and peaceful place—
[illegible]e'er knew the warmth of a woman's
[illegible]art,
[illegible]e light of a woman's face.

I sit in the dusk as the sun goes down,
And smoke in a dreamful way,
And gaze at the paintings that hang on the
wall—
The faces and friends far away.

One is the face of a fair young girl,
As bright as the morning skies,
Who smiles at me ever with angel's love
From the depth of her dark blue eyes.

She was my first, my only love;
Forget her I never can.
Her love has followed me all thro' life,
And made me a better man.

Hers are the lips I first tenderly kissed,
With love as deep as the sea;
And the last lips I kissed, as I bade home fare
well,
Were the lips that are smiling at me.

Ah! mother, my love for you never grew dim
Thro' the long years of toil and unrest;
And I love you to-day as I did long ago,
When you lulled me to sleep at your breast.
—J. H. Ryan, in N. Y. Herald.

STEEPLE-JACKS.

Their Methods of Scaling Seemingly Impossible Heights.

There are many curious trades and professions, but few more so than that of a steeple-jack, a man whose business it is to ascend to places which apparently nothing but a bird could hope to reach, and when there to do all kinds of work. A spice of danger is held to lend a charm to an occupation. If this is really so, the work of a steeple-jack must be one of the most attractive in existence, for of danger it has no lack.

The most usual job these adventurous men are called upon to do is the repairing of chimney shafts. "Chimney-jacks" would really be a better name for them than "Steeple-jacks;" but presumably the business began before the great chimneys one sees about nowadays were known. Very often they manage to get to the top of a chimney by the help of a kite; not an ordinary schoolboy's kite, but one measuring eight or ten feet by six or eight, and made of the strongest canvas. Such a kite weighs from thirty to forty pounds, and costs the best part of three pounds without counting the line it carries, which may be a thousand yards in length. From each of the four corners of the kite, lines run, and they are joined about twelve feet or so away from it. After an interval about twice as great, the "down-all" joins the main line. The "down-all" is made of thinner rope than the principal cord, and need not be above a hundred yards long. Its use becomes apparent when the steeple-jack's assistants manage to make the kite sail over the chimney's mouth, for the instant this happens the man who is handling the "down-all" gives a jerk, which has the result of making the kite fall over, so that the main line lies across the top of the chimney. The monster kite is manipulated in just the same way as a boy manages his comparatively small one. Of course the direction it takes is not left to chance; if this were so, it would as a rule be a long time before the line lay over the chimney's mouth. The men in charge of the cord become by constant practice very clever at steering the great kite, and provided that the wind helps them, guide it in such a manner that it seems as though it were endowed with reasoning powers, and were as anxious as any of them to bring the job to a favorable termination with the least possible delay.

Once the cord occupies the desired position, it is of course an easy matter to attach strong ropes to the original line and fix up blocks and gear, by which chains are drawn up over the mouth of the chimney, and finally a cage from which a man can work.

As may easily be believed, a great deal depends upon the man who has hold of the "down-all." If he fails to make his jerk at the right moment, all he succeeds in doing is to bring the kite down with a run, when there is the bother of carrying it back from the place at which it started and making another try. Only a steady, reliable man is given the charge of the "down-all;" the trouble involved in working the kite until it trails the line right over the shaft is far too great for any risks to be run when it is in the proper position.

The kite is generally started about four or five hundred yards away from the chimney, and once it is off, all depends upon the wind. Steeple-jacks like a nice fresh steady breeze; the steadiness is the great point, for any little variation in it means that the careful guiding of the kite so far has been of no use, and that it must all begin over again. If the wind is as favorable as possible (and steeple-jacks are apt to aver that it isn't often so when they have work in hand), a lucky gang of assistants may get the whole thing over in an hour or so; but then, on the other hand, they may be three or four days trying in vain to coax the line over the chimney. Not even the captain of a becalmed sailing vessel longs for a steady breeze more than a master steeple-jack does when he has a chimney-repairing job on and half a dozen men to pay all the time that is being lost. He does not want too much wind for his work; a strong breeze makes such big kites as he uses quite unmanageable; a light wind isn't strong enough to carry one of them; and a wind which chops and changes about is the one that is worst of all. When one of the last-named kind is blowing, it is best to leave the kite alone and get out the ladders at once.

Ladders are what steeple-jacks use when it is a question of repairing a steeple, a spire or a round chimney. Most chimneys are built square, and it is for square chimneys that the kite comes into use. Many of our readers have probably seen a string of ladders up the side of a spire, and have wondered how they were arranged, straight upon the top of one another. It looks as though it would be a difficult piece of work to build them up; but it is quite a simple matter once one knows how it is done. In the first place, an ordinary ladder twenty or thirty feet long is placed against the side of the building which has to be ascended, be it chimney, steeple, or spire. A man mounts this to the greatest height at which he can conveniently work, and drives into the brickwork an iron pin, which is called a "dog." It is tipped with steel, so as to give it greater penetrating power, is from half an inch to an inch in diameter, and has a ring at the end, which protrudes after it has been driven home. The greatest care must be taken to make sure that the "dog" is thoroughly firm, and the workman tests it in every way he can before leaving it.

When the first "dog" is fast, a running block is attached to it, through which a strong rope is passed. One end of this rope is tied to the middle of a fifty or sixty foot ladder, and the latter is pulled up into such a position that it is almost flat against the building, with a greater part of its length below than above the "dog." This long ladder is then used for the fixing of a second "dog," to which a block and line are attached in the same manner as was the case with the first. The next process is to pull the ladder into such a position that half-a-dozen or so of its rungs are left underneath the lowest "dog," and to lash it tightly to the pair that are fixed, using it as a means of fastening a third.

So the work goes on until the long string of ladders stretch all the way up the building, or, at all events, far enough to enable a man to work at the spot which needs attention. The ladders are so arranged with the help of pieces of wood that they stand about seven or eight inches away from the brickwork; this allows a man ascending them to make sure of a good grip, and leaves plenty of room for his feet. Any one with a fairly strong head could go up one of these ladderways without being made to feel in the least uncomfortable.

The time that is occupied in getting the ladders into position of course depends chiefly upon the height of the building. Sometimes they may be run up in a day, while at other times three or four days will be spent over the business. If there are any loopholes in the building at intervals, as is often the case, the work is of course simplified a very great deal, for unless these are very far apart, there is no need to use "dogs" at all; all that is necessary is to get some short, stout poles, fasten them in such a manner that they project the right distance, and lash the ladders on to them. A great deal of time is saved when the construction of the building gives such help as this, for it is the proper securing of the "dogs" that occupies the time.

Sometimes steeple-jacks have to get up a building of such a sort that they can not drive any thing into it; or perhaps they may be engaged upon the spire of some church or cathedral which the people in charge of think will be injured by that kind of thing. When there is any thing like this in the way of running up ladders, a scaffolding has to be built, sometimes right round the whole spire, sometimes up one side of it; that makes the job much longer, of course.

Accidents do not occur so often as one would think. Men must be steady for steeple-jacking, and no one is likely to go in for the work unless he feels confidence in his nerve. Most steeple-jacks lose their heads after a time. A man may be constantly employed as a steeple-jack for fifteen or twenty years, and never all that time feel as though he had any nerves, when suddenly one day he will go all wrong; and though the fit may pass off, it is sure to come on again, and a man is wise if he leaves the business as soon as he gets a warning of this kind.

It is not to be wondered at that a time comes when a steeple-jack's head turns as he looks down from a height of perhaps two or three hundred feet, with nothing but a flimsy ladder between himself and the ground, which seems such a long way off. It often happens that men are seized with a desire to leap down from the top of a tall chimney, but such an awful fatality very seldom actually occurs.

Though every steeple-jack has many stories of narrow escapes to relate, the number of accidents among them is surprisingly few considering the perilous character of their work. If it were not for the truth of the adage that "familiarity breeds contempt," the mishaps would be far less frequent than they are. When the causes that have led to an accident come to be investigated, it is almost invariably found that the victim owes his fall to some carelessness either on his own part or on that of his fellow-workmen. Unavoidable accidents of course occur in this as in all other callings, but provided that due attention is paid to the observance of proper precautions, they should be very few and far between.—Chambers' Journal.

Origin of Gold Dust Deposits.

The origin of the gold dust in alluvial drifts has long been a puzzle to mining authorities. While it is plain that some of the grains of gold were deposited by the same process as the other detritus, it is equally evident that other deposits of gold must be explained on some other theory. George Sutherland, of Adelaide, South Australia, has contributed a paper on the subject to Nature, in which he says that drift gold probably had its origin in the salts, such as chloride of gold, held in solution by the water by which it was formerly supposed to have been merely carried from one place to the other. These salts were deposited in large quantities while the Australian gold-fields were under water in geological epochs, but how they were afterward reduced has been explained by no theory against which strong objections have not been made. Mr. Sutherland now advances the theory that the origin of the deposition of gold is to be found in thermo-electric earth currents, probably generated by the unequal heating of the surface of the earth by the sun's rays in passing from east to west. Many facts have been brought forward in support of it

THE VALUE OF METHODS.

Living on a System which Will Best Preserve the Harmonies of Life.

Once in awhile there finds its way into print some method or system of living, advocated by the man who applies it, that is startling. A journalist recently published and strongly advised his fellow-professionals to follow his plan, a system that was the worst form of slavery. He was engaged in a publishing house where he was compeled to spend seven hours a day. Neither the salary nor the employment was satisfactory, as the gentleman had literary proclivities, so he adopted his method to meet his wants, and believed entirely that he had found the secret of success in his method. With the aid of an alarm clock he is roused at 3:30 each morning, and one hour later, after "very thorough ablutions" and a light breakfast of bread and milk, or rolled wheat, he is at his desk, where he remains till seven o'clock; then the morning paper and breakfast; at eight he starts for business; the study of Spanish furnishes employment for the half-hour spent on the elevated road—for of course this man lives in New York—then seven hours in the publishing house, more Spanish, dinner, and bed at eight. It would be interesting to read the literary work ground out by such a system. The closing sentence of the article is characteristic: "But it is 7 a. m., and I must stop." Think of what the world has lost because of the unfortunate minute hand on that worker's clock.

Is life to be spent in a treadmill? Are we to be nothing but machines? Sometimes we see, we hear, of mothers whose lives are one incessant effort to gain a period of rest; but that a man could be found who would be willing to shut out friends, art, music, *life*, willingly, and advocate a system that involves such sacrifice, seems incredible.

But was there ever a man who doubted his ability to advise his neighbor? The subject may be what it will, whether the division of income, investments, love affairs, government of wife or children—nothing daunts or deters him. In no relation does man show his belief in the brotherhood of the race so thoroughly as in his willingness to guide and direct his brother in the management of his affairs, in advising him especially about the use of time. Every man belives that he has found the secret of accomplishing the greatest amount of work with the least expenditure of force. And so we hear, from the man who finds he can work best in the afternoon, convincing arguments for following that method of dividing time. Then there is the man who works best when he has not a moment of time in which to catch up with the demand. Then we have the man who eats, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, exactly the same breakfast at the same time, and to this habit attributes his sound health and working powers. We have the man who believes in inspiration, and the man who thinks inspiration is a habit, and it is merely a matter of sitting down and rising on the exact minute each day.

"One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old saw, and it applies to life on every side. What is temptation to one man is not to another. What is ease to one man is distress to another. What is attractive to one man is repelent to another. We can not make rules for each other; fortunate are we if we can make rules for ourselves which we find always workable. But there is one gospel which we should all preach in these days, and that is that the liberty of life is worth more than systems, more than rules, more than theories; that every man should seek to find that philosophy, that system, of living which will best preserve the harmonies of life for him.—Christian Union.

CHOATE'S IMAGINATION.

The Great Lawyer's Wonderful Talent for Multiplying Words.

Macaulay's imagination and historical knowledge enabled him, as he walked the streets of London at night, to change the town into ancient Rome. Rufus Choate, when a boy, used to make the scenes of poetry and history real by transferring them to the shores of his native Essex.

"There," said he, years afterward, pointing out a rocky, cavernous knoll to his son-in-law as they were riding from Ipswich to Essex, "there is the descent to Avernus."

One day, when he was the leading lawyer of Boston, a celebrated lecturer said to him: "Mr. Choate, I am thinking of writing a lecture on one of the ancient Generals, but am in doubt which one to choose."

"Hannibal is your man!" answered Mr. Choate, with animation. "Think of him crossing the Alps in winter, with nobody at his back but a parcel of Numidians and Moors, riding on horses without any bridles, to set himself against that imperial Roman power!"

One element of Mr. Choate's strength as an advocate was that vivifying imagination, by which he so pictured scenes that the jury, looking at them through his eyes, saw just what he wished them to see, and were blind as to things he was anxious they should ignore.

Mr. Choate's talent for multiplying words which might not signify a great deal, but which not only sounded well, but helped to create with a jury the impression that he sought to convey, is well known.

On one occasion, in defending an insurance company against which a claim had been brought for the loss of a ship which was declared by the defense to be utterly unseaworthy, Mr. Choate made a great impression by including in his plea these swelling words:

"And so, gentlemen, overburdened with her well-nigh priceless cargo, and carrying her far more precious freight of human life, the vessel started on her voyage, painted but perfidious—a coffin, but no ship!"—Youth's Companion.

—There are many things besides looks against the squint-eyed and cross-eyed man, one of which is that he can not enter the regular army. Men must shoot stright

AN EFFECTIVE MEDICINE.

Butter-Milk One of the Most Reliable Domestic Remedies.

With the rapid growth of reconstructive medicine comes opportunely the reintroduction of old and well-known domestic remedies, among which buttermilk demands a respectable place. A young lady patient of the writer's (Dr Landry, in Popular Science News) was suffering from a severe consumptive cough. None of the usual anti-spasmodics, expectorants, etc., seemed to do any good, simply because her stomach was too weak to bear enough medicine to effect the purpose. Finally I suggested to her mother the use of buttermilk. It was adopted at once. Her first night's experience was one of comparative freedom from cough and pain, and a pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for a long time with a unvarying relief of all her distressing symptoms and an almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of the hot buttermilk. Lingering at one time for weeks from an attack of congestive fever, dosed with calomel and quinine almost beyond endurance, the writer began to desire butter-milk to drink. The physician "didn't believed in humoring the whims of patients," as he expressed it; besides, he contended that a single drink of the obnoxious fluid might produce death, as acids and calomel were incompatible dwellers in the same stomach.

But I was a good persuader, and my mother was a susceptible subject. The butter-milk, "fresh from the churn," was procured and drank. No evil resulted; instead came a perspiration and speedy recovery. Many years afterward I had missed my usual noon meal. It was about two or three p. m.—dinner, of course, was over—when I reached a farm-house, weak, tired, hungry and "all out of condition" for active work. Dinner was suggested by the housewife. "No, indeed!" said I, "not this time; I am nearly home. But if you have any butter-milk I will take a drink of that to stay my stomach." A good, kind-hearted woman, she soon brought up a pitcher of butter-milk from the cool springhouse, while I examined my patients and prescribed for them. Perhaps a pint was drunk during the stay of nearly an hour. For months indigestion had held his unfriendly grasp on my stomach. From that notable day forward his reign was broken, my stomach healed, and I could ride all day, if necessary, without feeling so woe-begone from the lack of food as before drinking of the butter-milk. There are people, however, who can not use milk of any kind, nor butter; but to others it proves to be both food and medicine.

WHEN COMMUNISM FAILED.

The Fate of Louis Blanc's and Marshal Bugeaud's Experiments.

After the revolution of 1848, Louis Blanc started a workshop where principles of equality were practiced. The wages were the same for all, but the names of all idlers were written upon the walls. All work was very well paid for, as he had an order from the State to supply uniforms for the National Guard.

At the outset all went very well. The workmen were sincere and ardent Socialists, who made it a point of honor that the experiment of the new system should be a success; but very soon this good understanding came to an end. Those who were more industrious or quicker than their companions accused the latter of idleness; they felt themselves victims of injustice, for the remuneration was not in proportion to the zeal and activity displayed. They were being "cheated and duped," and this was intolerable; hence quarrels, arguments and fights. This temple of brotherhood was transformed into a sort of boxing booth—"boite aux griffles," which is, as is known, the name given to the building where the citizens of Geneva meet together for the exercise of their sovereign rights.

Another example: Marshal Bugeaud founded at Beni-Mered, in Algeria, a military colony on a communistic footing. The settlers were all picked men, and he supplied them with all they needed for the cultivation of the soil. Land, cattle, agricultural implements, the produce of the harvests, every thing, in fact, was to be owned and all work carried on in common for the space of three years. The plan was excelent. It, nevertheless, turned out a failure. Although the colonists were soldiers, accustomed to discipline, passive obedience, and equal pay, and without private home or family, still they could not go through the communistic novitiate to the end. As they were engaged in pursuits other than their military exercises, the spirit of innovation and the taste for amelioration soon made themselves manifest. Each one wished to cultivate according to his own notion, and they reproached each other with not doing the work well. The Marshal vainly explained that it was to their advantage to work in common, in order to overcome the first difficulties of starting the settlement and to realize the economies insured by a wise division of labor; it was of no avail; the association had to be dissolved, although it had so far brought in profits.—Contemporary Review.

A Ride Across Asia.

A telegram from Omsk, in Siberia, announces the arrival at that place of the Cossack officer Peschkof, who has undertaken to ride alone, with one horse, from Blagovestchensk, the chief Russian station on the Upper Amoor, to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5,437 miles. Starting from Blagovestchensk on November 19 he reached Irkutsk on January 7 and Omsk on March 11, the journey as far as the latter place being about eight miles a day. Horse and rider both reached Omsk in good condition. In a letter to his commanding officer, written from Irkutsk, the enterprising Cossack says: "Traversed 2,451 versts (1,634 miles) in forty-nine days; in saddle 328 hours. The road in general is atrocious."

—A natural curiosity in the shape of a hip bone of a mastodon, weighing perhaps fifty pounds, was found at Alachua, Fla., a few days ago.

IN THE DEEP SEA.

Animal Life Supported Under Almost Incomprehensible Pressure.

Animal life is ultimately dependent upon the vegetable kingdom, and that kingdom in turn is dependent upon the light of the sun. Miles below the ocean surface the sun can not penetrate, or, at all events, vegetation, with all its powers of bottling up the solar rays, can not there, so far as at present known, maintain an existence.

The water at very great depths is, in most parts of the world, near the freezing-point. Further, the pressure upon every square inch of the surface of a body under three miles of sea-water, instead of being about fifteen pounds, as in atmospheric air, is three tons, or, in other words, six thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds. It was not perhaps irrational to suppose that a sponge or a delicate fish would be crushed into nothingness if each square inch of its surface were subjected to such a weight as a score of the strongest coal-heavers in the world would stagger under.

It rather humbles one's pride in the prowess of human reason to see how some times its apparently most cogent and most readily accepted arguments suddenly lose all their force when unexpectedly confronted with facts.

The skilled ornithologist, after pointing out that the owl in the barber's shop was so badly stuffed that it could not be taken to represent either an owl or any possible member of the bird creation, might well be disconcerted when the impossibility stepped down from its perch and proved to be not a stuffed owl, but a live one.

Even lawyers and law-givers, theologians and political economists have occasionally made mistakes, and the votaries of natural science are also human.

Now that we know that animal life can be and is supported under enormous pressure in the cold, dark depths, where even kelp and sea moss take no foothold, reason is equal to the task of explaining how the difficulties of the position may be encountered.

Though plants can not grow without sunlight, yet, when their life in the upper regions of the sea is over, they may sink, as diatoms undoubtedly do, through all depths to the bottom.

Even if the deepest living animals had no acess to vegetation, they might derive the benefit of it through a chain of consumers, ending with themselves, but beginning with vegetable feeders.

Many of the dwellers in the deep sea have no eyes, and are, therefore, comparatively unaffected by the absence of light; for others that have eyes the gloom is relieved by the luminous organs which they or their neighbors possess.

The temperature, we may be assured, is well suited to the permanent inhabitants of each region, so that those surrounded by water nearly at the freezing point would not thank us for warming it for them, any more than the Esquimau is pleased when a rise of temperature sets every thing adrift in his pavilion of ice.

The pressure, too, however stupendous to our imagination, is evidently borne without concern by creatures which are themselves permeated by fluids of the same density as the surrounding medium.

Though also to our taste the chemistry of sea water is unpalatable, we know that most marine animals can not live without it; and while terrestrial life is limited to its distribution, and often put to sore straits by the scanty supply of fresh water, to the denizens of the sea the resources for the quenching of thirst are always at hand, never-failing and practically infinite.—Golden Days.

A WHITE BLUEBIRD.

Its Song and Habits Were Identical with Other of the Same Species.

Among the bluebirds that returned to this locality, Elsah, Ill., in the spring of the year 1888, was a curiosity. It was an albino, a milk-white specimen, and from the distance at which it allowed itself to be inspected, not a feather of a darker shade could be seen. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was a white bluebird, and yet it was not a bluebird, because it was a white bird. Its song and habits were identical with others of the same species. On three different occasions we were within a few yards of it, but were unable to determine its sex, or whether it paired with any other bird of its kind during the breeding season. It was often seen during the summer of that year, and during the months of October and November was in its favorite haunts nearly every week, and sometimes every day, but nearly always in company with bluebirds. It seemed enamored of the sunny slopes and deep, cool, wooded ravines along the bluffs of the Mississippi river at that point. Late in the fall, when the frosty nights proclaimed the summer ended, it would flit about its favorite trees, dashing in and out of the yellow sunshine with its feathered friends that were getting together to seek winter quarters, and we wished it a safe and speedy journey to its balmy Southern home, little expecting to ever see it again. But it returned the following spring, spent the second summer with us and remained until December, when with others of its kind it was evidently preparing for its annual migration to warmer climes. We trust it has not fallen by the gun of the pot-hunter or the taxidermist, and we often ask ourselves: "Will it come again?"—Forest and Stream.

A Careful Suitor.

"I wish to propose for the hand of your daughter."

"Which one of them, young man, which of them?"

"Well, I don't know. Now, in confidence, which of them would you advise a fellow to take?"—Jester.

—The suggestion that the great lakes of this country may be utilized for growing seals is perhaps practicable; but it would involve enormous destruction of the food fishes of the lakes, which are now yearly growing scarcer and can only be maintained in supply by artificial propagation.

A MODEST WARDROBE.

Valuable Hints for Young and Elderly Ladies in Moderate Circumstances.

The question has arisen as to what constitutes the smallest array of clothes necessary for the ordinary woman in moderate circumstances. In writing of this, I can only hope to strike a "happy medium," as no two may be situated exactly alike, and much depends upon the home being in a city or small town, whether the person is fond of social life or a recluse, remains at home or is in business, as entirely different clothes are worn under these circumstances. I have taken an average of $200 for the income, which includes clothes and pin money, but not board. This may be a high average, but not for a city bred woman in moderate circumstance. I have the pleasure of knowing a young lady in a far western town, who, on $150 a year, dresses well at all times, is well supplied with reading matter, etc., and saves $25 a year; but she is a perfect genius in making over her own gowns and shows every thing to the best advantage, being stylish in appearance, which is not given to many of us, unfortunately, for it covers a multitude of defects.

The items of gloves, shoes, underwear and lingerie count up faster than the dresses themselves, and every one ought to save something out of the yearly income, be it $200 or $2,000. If even $10 is laid away how convenient it will come in next year when you may wish to make a short visit, and need extra car-fare or pocket-money, or when a winter cloak must be had, which cats so quickly into $20. Unless very hard on shoes, two pair will last a year—mine last eight months, walking in them three miles a day—and one pair of low ties for the house; shoes, $4 per pair; ties, $2; three pair of gloves, $3.00; two hats, $3.00 and $4.00; six new hose, $3.00; six handkerchiefs, $1.50; lingerie, in the shape of collars, folds or ribbons for the neck and sleeves, and probably a lace jabot or lace ruffles for a dressy home gown, $5.00; mohair petticoat, $1.50; corsets, $1.50, one light and heavy flannel skirt, $3.00; four new sets of underwear, made at home, $10; one wrap each year, alternating for the seasons, $10. An umbrella one year, and parasol or waterproof the next, as some things give out every year, $2.50.

We have now used up $48, and will allow $12 for reading matter, one's favorite journal, a weekly, a few good books gradually added, and stationary. To this $60 add $15 saved and $25 to remain for pocket money during the year, which in the city would easily go for car-fare, an occasional matinee, etc. Now we have $100 for actual gowns, which we suppose are made by the wearer, who has a dressmaker only for a couple of days each season for fitting basques, this costing her, say $6.00 a year. In buying your gowns do not select striking colors or designs or extreme novelties, as they must be made over for the second year, when $25 should be saved out of the income. For a spring gown, select a striped cheviot at $1.00, which will cost about $12.00. Then have a mohair at the same price, for summer street wear, which will be somewhat more elaborately trimmed and cost $14.00. Two pretty Parkhill ginghams, at 15 cents, will cost $4.00 with embroidery for the collars and cuffs. Six yards of hemstitched nainsook will cost $6.00, and be a delightfully dainty attire for warm summer evenings.

A neat silk gown, at $1.50 a yard, may be contrived out of $30.00, and a blouse of striped flannel to wear with half-worn skirts, out of $1.75. A tea-gown or fancy wrapper is a boon to one when tired, and can be prettily contrived out of the eighteen-cent challie, and a few yards of ribbon, costing in all about $3.25. In the fall have a woolen suit of combination goods, cashmere or black Henrietta, costing $12.00, and with the remaining $11.00 invest in a light veiling trimmed with velvet-ribbon, which can be worn at any season for an evening gown to change with the silk, and in place of the silk, a gown of black net lined with satin Duchesse might be had, and worn for evening or visiting. As said before, much depends upon the position in life and the place of living; but a street dress for fall and winter, and a second one for spring and summer, a demi-toilette for the same seasons, a visiting and church dress, a blouse, wrapper and cool-house dresses in summer seem to be absolutely indispensable. I am an advocate of buying good materials when few changes and long wearing are to be considered. Dark brown, blue and gray are good shades not to tire of; and black now is very stylish and always looks well, as it can be brightened up to become any complexion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Do Not Like to Be Photographed.

President Harrison has a particular aversion to having his photograph taken or his portrait drawn. A number of efforts have been made to persuade him to sit for a picture amid the surroundings in which he is daily found in the White House, but they have proved of no avail. He sat for some pictures to the regular Washington photographers when he came here first, but lately he has refused to give any sittings. Postmaster General Wanamaker is equally averse to being photographed. I believe he had a photograph taken just before he came to Washington, but it was the first in many years, and he has refused steadfastly to sit to the local photographers since his induction into office. The other members of the Cabinet are not so backward about having greatness thrust upon them.—N. Y Tribune.

Of Course He Did.

Creditor—May I ask whether you ever expect to meet your indebtedness?

Hardup—Meet it? Why, great Scott, man, I meet it every time I go into the street! Don't you throw it in my face often enough?—Harper's Bazar.

No Profit in It.

"That man yonder is the greatest swindler in the country."

"He must be very rich."

"No, he's poor. He lives faster'n he can swindle."—Chicago Times.

—No matter how prosperous the rest of New York State may be, there is one county that is always on the Wayne.—Dansville Breeze.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—It is said that 26,000 Chinese embraced Christianity last year.

—The membership of the Methodist Church grows at the rate of 250 each day.

—Out of a total membership in the city of Richmond, Va., of 35,000, the colored Baptists have 15,000.

—The absence of any kind of anxiety for the spread of the truth implies spiritual paralysis, if it does not imply spiritual death.—Canon Liddon.

—The boy who has his physical and mental powers under control, and understands the best methods of using these powers, is educated.—J. A. Cooper.

—God only imparts the highest wisdom, the most profound secrets, the most mysterious laws of His kingdom to minds most open to spiritual influence, and most susceptible to Divine thought.

—The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped up high as Heaven would be no such treasure as one promise of God.

—In Hawaii schools are established all over the islands, the sum allotted to public instruction in 1886-'83 being $203,020 annually. In 1888 there were 189 schools, with 8,770 pupils; of these, there were 5,320 Hawaiians and 1,227 half castes.

—The sixty-fifth annual meeting of the American Tract Society was recently held in New York. The receipts of the benevolent department during the year were $140,940; the expenditures were $134,160. The expenditures of the business department were $264,414, exceeding the receipts of that department by $6,664.

—The native churches in Japan, under the care of the American Board, organized, half a dozen years ago, a Home Missionary Society. It has flourished so well that the demands of the work now justify the appointment of a paid president, who will devote all his time to establishing new churches and strengthening those already existing.

—In Montenegro, schools for elementary instruction are supported by the Government; education is compulsory and free of charge. In 1889 Montenegro had 70 elementary schools, with about 3,000 male, but only 300 female pupils. All males under the age of twenty-five and over ten are supposed to be able to read and write. The country has a theological seminary and a gymnasium or college for boys at Cetinje, and a girl's high-school is maintained at the charge of the Empress of Russia.

—The Indian Commissioner has asked for an increase of about $800,000 over the appropriation for the current year for the maintenance of Indian education. For eight years, beginning with 1876, there was an annual average increase of 75 per cent. in appropriations for this purpose, but for the last five or six years there has been practically no increase, and in 1887 even a reduction. The Commissioner is but doing his duty in reminding us that if the Indian children are to be made self-supporting citizens, and not continued as dependent pauper wards of the Government, this educational work must be done, and Congress ought not to hesitate to provide for it adequately.—Harper's Weekly.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The best man in the world is a bore if he comes at the wrong time.—Atchison Globe.

—The wise employe always laughs promptly when the proprietor makes a joke.—Somerville Journal.

—The man most anxious to maintain his rights becomes celebrated for circulating his wrongs.—N. O. Picayune.

—In writing, as well as speaking, one great secret of effective eloquence is, to say what is proper and stop when you have done.—Colton.

—True merriment may be distinguished from false by the fact that it bears reflection; we can think of it with pleasure next day and next week.

—We deride a rich man for meanness, and a poor man for extravagance. And in the meantime we go around doing as we please—just as they do.—Puck.

—Personal likes and dislikes do not cloud in the slightest degree our disposition to render to every man the justice which honorable good faith requires.—N. Y. Sun.

—Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice, and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

—It is said that one forgives because he forgets. As there is no lethe of forgetfulness for one's own shortcomings, this may explain why a man can forgive any offense save an offense committed by himself against himself.—Judge.

—Habits are less easily acquired in mature life than in youth; but even then their formation is not impossible if we can only find the right motive. It may not always be the best in itself, but the best that has power at the time and for that individual.

—Men generally consider it bravery to shoot or strike upon the slightest provocation. "Wounded dignity" is a big thing. It is the man who runs away rather than precipitate an attack, who is the brave man. This world would be much better off if it had less cowardly courage and more courageous cowardice.—Western Rural.

—Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies—whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, "and all that it inherits," to time and to eternity, to the great and beneficient cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us to the scale of being.—Channing.

—We make a fatal mistake to devote the whole of our strength and energy to wooing prosperous circumstances and warding off adverse ones. Much of it must of course be thus employed, but enough of it should be reserved for the reception, in the right spirit and with right aims, of whatever comes. Bacon tells us that the virtue of prosperity is temperance and the virtue of adversity is fortitude; but it depends upon ourselves whether we gather these and other precious fruits from either of those plants.—Once a Week.